THE *Witch of the* WOODLANDS: OR, THE *Cobler's* New Tranſlation.

Written by L. P.

Here *Robin* the Cobler for his former evils,
Was puniſht worſe then *Fauſtus* with his Devils.

inted for W. T. and are to be ſold by C. Paſſinger,
xt door to the Sour-Inn, in Sonthwa

THE Witch of the *Woodlands*.

OR,

The Coblers New Translation.

CHAP. I.

IN the Wild of Kent, not far from Rumny Marsh, there dwelt a merry conceited Cobler, commonly called Robin the Devil, which afterwards came to be called, The Witch of the Woodlands. This Cobler always had a special care to please his Customers, but chiefly he would be sure, that if any pretty wench brought him a job to do, he would go through-stitch with her work first of all; he would be merry in company, & sing in his shop like a Nightingal, he could cut a caper with Jack Puding, and was not much inferiour to lusty Lawrence, which got 18 wenches with child all in one year, for it was well known, that he got three wenches with child in one night, but as the Proverb goes, *The* Pitcher that goes often to the water, at last comes broken home: and sweet meat requires sowre sawce: So it fared with Robin the Cobler, for one of his Wenches

being ſuddenly brought to bed with a Male Child, the Mother of the Damſel ſerv'd Robin the Cobler with a warrant, & made him to marry her daughter out of hand, then was the poor Cobler fallen into a peck of trouble, and knew not how to behave himſelf; For though he had bin factor of Mars, yet he never was made a Vulcan before that time: And now muſt he provide for clouts & whittels, fire & candle, ſope & ſtarch, white bread & milk, a nurſe & cradle, with many other matters which belong to marri'd men to look after: but as it is in the old Proverb, That one ill chance follows another, ſo it was with him, for the other two damſels which he had formerly made uſe of, now began to make uſe of him, & brought him 2 children more to keep, which was done both in one day, which when Robin the Cobler did behold, fell into ſuch a quandary, that the people that beheld him, ſaid, That he lookt ſo pittiful upon the matter, that they thought in their minds that he would never be good again.

Then began Robin with doleful Words, & with wringing hands to bewail his former follies, ſaying, O ſilly rogue that I am, was it not enough for me to ſing, dance, and drink Ale, break cakes, talk and be merry amongſt maids, but that I muſt like a town

Bull

Bull, over-run all that ſtand in my way; ſo in the end be pounded for my breaking looſe: now I am in a worſe caſe then Poor John, Marriot the Lawyer, or the Cow-keeper of the Pinder of Wake field: I would that my Father had never begot me, then ſhould I never have gotten ſo many wench-

Here Robin for his former Lechery,
Doth ſuffer in his members grievouſly.

es with child; or elſe I would that ſome honeſt Sow-gelder had done his office upon me, to

keep me honest, then had I escap'd the mi-
sery now I am sure to endure: Now whilst
poor Robin the Cobler was making this sorrow-
ful Lamentation, a friend of his whispered
him in the ear, and gave him counsel for to be
gone from them all, saying, that one pair of
heels is worth two pair of hands: whose
counsel Robin took, as you shall hear in the
following Chapter.

CHAP. 2.

ROBin the Cobler having hearkned to
his friends advice, made no more to do
of the matter, but trust up his tools to be
gone, resolving to come for London, & there
to work Journy-work till such time that his
children were come to be Men, and able to
work for themselves: but as he passed along
the Country, which is called the Wild of
Kent, he lost his way in the Woodlands:
when night was almost come upon him, and
finding no path to guide him, he wandreth up
& down till it was almost ten of the clock, in
a pittiful cold frosty dark winters night: but
at the last he heard a Cock crow, whereby he
understood that there was some dwelling
house near at hand, & so being somwhat com-
forted to hear the crowing of the Cock, he
made

made his approach to the house, and knocking at door, there came forth an old woman with a dish-clout bound about her head & a staff in her hand, and demanded of Robin to know what he knockt for: (O mother (qd. he) I am a poor distressed traveller which has lost my way, and willing would I be to give Six-pence for a bed this night to lay my weary bones on: Marry, quoth she, all the beds I have are not worth six pence, for I have no more than what I lye on my self, but if thou wilt take pains to do as I do, thou & I will lye together for once, where we will hug one another as the Devil hugg'd the witch: Robin beholding, & taking notice of her person all the body over, saw that she was long-nos'd, blear-ey'd, crooked-neckt, wry-mouth'd, crump-shoulder'd, beetle-brow'd, thin-bellied, bow-legg'd, & splay-foot: He began to frame an excuse, saying, Good mother, I pray you to consider this, that I am a Batchelor, and never came in bed to any woman since I was born of my mother: Wilt thou swear that, that which thou speakest is true? I will (quoth Robin) whereupon he heard a voice, as if it came out of the top of a Chimney, crying 3 several times, Robin the Cobler is mine, Robin the Cobler is mine, Robin the Cobler is mi-

These words when he heard, he thought that some she-devil was come to fetch him away alive, and presently he fell into such a trembling condition, that his hands shook, his pulses beat, his heart panted, his head aked, his nose dropt, his belly tumbled, and a certain parcel of melting tears dropt out of the lower end of his breeches, and so falling down upon his knees to the old woman, desired her to let him have a lodging how she would, or where she would: then the old woman took him in, and with a remnant of water which she had kept a long time in a Chamber-pot for that purpose, she washt him from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, and made him as white as if she had washt him in puppy-dog water, and so they went lovingly to bed together: what followed after shall be related in the ensuing discourse.

CHAP. 3

After that Robin the Cobler had taken his first sleep, he awaked, & turning himself on the other side, he felt for his bed-fellow but she was not there: & having gotten all the bed-room to himself, he began to wonder to himself about the passages which had happened to him the night before, and therewithal he bethought himself how he might use a means to get away before the Old witch his new-

new-made Land-Lady came back again to him, for he supposed that she had gone forth to fetch company to cut his throat, but whilst he was thus thinking in came the old-woman with three of her Disciples, with every one of them a light Torch in her hand, crying out all at once, that they would be revenged on Robin the Cobler for all his whore-hunting tricks: These four Female Witches could transform themselves into any humane shape at their own pleasure: so that Robin took to be his mother-in-law, brought in an ugly Bear at her heels, another brought in a ravening Woolf, and the third brought a sharp, long, broad bladed Knife; poor Robin although the weather was cold, and the bed-cloaths very thin, yet he was hot enough: For, being in a stinking fear, he covered himself over head & ears, all save one hole that was in the Coverlid, which he now and then closely peempt out at, but durst not stur for his life: but now begins the game: The grand witch of the Company, otherwise caled the Landlady of the house put her hand under the bed, and pulled out a Taber and a pipe, & plaid such a fit, that it lasted till almost day: all this while the other three Witches danced the Irish Hay with their heels upwards,

wards, mean time poor Robin lay a bed & bepist himself, till at least 2 quarts run through the bed upon the ground ; whether it were done for joy, or fear, Ile leave that to others such as himself to consider of ; but when the Musick was ended, the Bear began to roar, and the Wooif began to howl for food: Then said the old witch, I have in the house the bravest breakfast for your two Familiars that they have feasted on ever since they devoured the two damnable whores which were bewitcht as they rode in a Coach towards a bawdy house in London : and now since that witches have power of none but swearers and cursers, thieves and dissemblers, pimps, bawd, and panders, whores and whore-hunters, and such like manner of people, let us make the best use of our time that we may, and now you shall see what a gallant prize I have lighted upon by chance. There was a merry disposed Cobler, which dwelt not far from the Town of Rumny, who was every day used to drink, swagger, swear and domineer, and he would say that he car'd not a turd for all the witches in the world, and that he had a trick to defend himself from the power of witches, which was by washing his hands, and saying his prayers every morning

morning, but although he ſerved God in the morning he ſerved the devil e're night: for there was hardly one day in the week, but he would go a Whoring, and he would intice honeſt wenches to ſin by his diſſembling ſpeeches, and his falſe forſwearing himſelf, making them believe, that if he got them with child, he would marry with them, amongſt the reſt, he got three widdows daughters with child a' in one night, making every one believe that he would marry them the morrow after, which he never did intend, but at laſt good wife Web the widdow, forc'd him to marry her daughter, which being done, the other two wenches which he had got with child, being delivered, brought him their two children to keep, and as he got them all 3 with child in one night, ſo they did bring him 3 children to keep in one Day: theſe things he thought that witches had not known, but my imps ſpend not their time in vain, for I every night ſend forth my familiar imp, Madge of Wakefield, in the likeneſs of a black Cat, which told me of every thing that Robin the Cobler did: but the archeſt piece of roguery that ever he did, was done to a Widdow woman in the Iſle of Thanet, for he promiſed her mar-

riage,

riage, and made her ſell her widdows eſtate for 24*l.* & told her that if ſhe would lend him the money to buy him Leather, that he would be married to her on Thurſday next & wiſht that if he did not do according to his promiſe, that he might be torn in pieces with Woolves & Bears, but he never came back to the widdow again; & laſt of all, he run away from his wife & three children, & now he lies under that coverlid: When the other three witches had heard this diſcovery, they all leapt for joy, & the three familiar ſpirits which went in the ſhape of a woolf, a bear, & a black cat, were ready to tear the witches to pieces for victuals, they were ſo hungry: then ſaid one of them to the reſt, ſeeing he wiſht he might be devoured by woolves and bears, he ſhall have his wiſh, and he ſhall preſently be cut in quarters, & the woolf ſhall have his heart, liver and lungs for his breakfaſt, the bear ſhall have his Paunch and Bowels, and the Cat ſhall have his privy members to gnaw upon; nay quoth the old witch, it ſhan't be ſo, for he ſhall not have ſo pleaſant a death, but we will have a little more ſport with him before he dies. That very word procured ſome comfort to Robins languiſhing Spirits, for he had rather chuſe to lead a ſorrowful life,

than

than to dye a ſudden death : And now to be briefe in the matter, they pul'd the bedcloaths from off him, & made him ſtand up ſtark naked as ever he was born before them ; the Woolf bit him by the Throat, the Bear bit him by the bum; the Cat bit him by the members, and every one drew blood of him, but did him no great harm at that time : Now (ſaid the old Witch) we have markt you for

here Robin the Cobler like a Fox doth run
before the dogs whoſe rage he cannot ſhun

our own, & therewithal ſhe paſt ſentence upon him, that he ſhould have three days puniſhment for his former offences, & afterwards

he

he was to be eaten up alive; the first of the three days he was to be transformed into the shape of a Fox, and to be chased with Dogs from morning till night.

The second day he was to be a riding Nag and to carry the Witch whether she pleased.

The third day he was to be an Owl, and so flye from one place to another all the Day long, so having agreed upon the matter, so soon as the day appeared, Robin the Cobler was to be a Fox & so out of the doors they set him running, & having transform'd themselves into the shape of Dogs followed close at his heels, & every time they overtook him they bit him by the buttocks and nipt him devilishly, for they had no mercy in their teeth.

The next day they transform'd him into the shape of a horse, & so the Witches got upon his back, 3 of them at a time, & rid him over Hills & Mountains, through Rivers & ponds, through all sorts of waters thick & thin, and worst of all, they rid him through so many bushes brambles & briars, till they tore the very skin from the flesh of him. so that the whore-masters blood of his run from him in many places, and yet were not his sorrows at an end nor no man knows when they will.

The third day they made an Owl of him, who flying up and down from Tree to Tree at

noon

noon time of the day, crying whu, whu, whu, the Birds came thick and threefold about him, wondring most strangely to see an Owl abroad by daylight, wherefore to fulfil the old Proverb, they all fell upon him like Pies upon an Owl, and to be brief they pluckt his

Here Robin by the vertue of a swan,
hath broke the witches charms, & is a man.

feathers, broke his wings, & pickt out his eyes: this being done, the grand consulting with the rest of the witches ing that Robin the Cobler had don

of any conſcience for his wenching tricks, and they turned him into the ſhape of a Swan.

And laſt of all they withdrew their inchanting ſpels, & ſo Robin the pittiful Cobler became a man again; but before he departed, they made him kneel down, and kiſs every one of their fleſhy parts, and therewithal they parted houſhold.

Chap. 4.

How *Robin* the Cobler having got looſe from the Witches became a new man; & of many notable exploits which he did, you ſhall preſently hear.

NOw when Robin the Cobler had broken the ſpells of witchcraft, his eye-ſight, his hearing, his ſpeech, his ſences, and his knowledge was al reſtored unto him again, but yet he lookt of a pittiful complexion, juſt as a man may ſay, Like one of Pharaoh's Lean his viſage was pale & gaſtly, his Eyes ſtood as if they were ſunk into his head, his nose was like the noſe of a ſcolding Alewife, ſharp, & his tongue did gaggle as if it had been made of the devils bollick leather, dry and his back was ſo clung together that he was ſcarce able to ſhit for bones.

And he any kind of habit to put on that was

was worth the throwing to the dunghill, only an old lowſie Smock, and a peir of ſlipſhooes, which one of the Witches had given him out of meer pittiful charity; but yet he knew himſelf to be in a far more happier taking then he was before, when he was ridden with three ſhe-devils at one time.

Then began Robin to ruminate, and to think what courſe he had beſt to take, and which way was beſt for him to ſteer his helm, and at laſt he reſolved to take his way once more for the famous City of London, and to try if fortune would afford him any better luck then he had before; but he vow'd that he would keep along the Road, and never go through the Woodlands any more, for fear, leſt the Witches ſhould meet with him again. Now as he paſſed along on the way the boys and the children would run away from him, thinking that he had been mad, inſomuch that there was not one idle boy or girl to be ſeen in the ſtreets, but here comes on the very bitterest of all, poor Robin the Cobler having gone along on his way for the ſpace of almoſt two woful days and nights, without meat, or drink, or money to buy, he began to bewail his ſorrowful life in this mournful manner: O pittiful Cobler that I am, for now I am in a worſer caſe then ever I was before. When I was a

horſe, the Witches did ride me, and put me to much pain, but yet they gave me ſomewhat to feed upon, though it were but Bran and Water, which I can prove to be pretty good fair for horſes when they are very hungry, ſo they may have enough to fill their bellies withal.

When I was a Fox, the Witches in the ſhape of dogs ran after me, and hurried me up and down, and at every ſtop & turn bit me by the buttocks, but now I am hunger bitten, which is ten thouſand times worſe. When I was an Owl I was moſt ſhamefully abuſed, and wondred at by other birds, but now I am made a wondring ſtock to all the folks that ſees me, inſomuch that no Man, Woman, nor Child, will not dare to come neer me, long of the poverty of my fleſh, and diſguiſe of habit. Oh what a pittiful wretched caſe am I in now! an Ape, an Owl, a Fox, a Gooſe, a Horſe, an Ox, or an *Aſs*, is in a far better takeing then I am in. O that I could with *Dioginies* Mare, feed upon Thiſtles, or like a *Camelian* live by the air.. Now whilſt he was thus complaining, by chance came along an old blind begger-man, which had got a whole Mallet full of fragments of Fiſh, & Meat, and mamocks of Bread and Cheeſe which he had gotten among his good benefactors.

factors: when Robin the Cobler had first his eye upon the blind mans wallet of victuals, the very heart in his belly leapt for joy, hoping then he should fill his belly once again: and thereupon taking courage upon him, he made his address, and spake to the Blind Begger-man by the way of Complement, knowing that the blind man could not see what manner of person he was, and so taking hold of him by the shoulder, began to express his mind in this manner: Well overtaken Father, how far walk you this way? marry, quoth the Begger, but to the next village, and for want of a guide to lead me, I am in fear I shall come too late to my lodging? Why? quoth the Cobler, rather then you shall do amiss, I will take the pains to lead you my self, for I love old men with all my heart.

CHAP. V.

Here followeth a Discourse of the happy Fortune that happened to *Robin the Cobler* after all his miseries.

AS Robin the Cobler was Leading the Blind Beggar along on the way, the Blind man found him to be exceeding diligent, and therewithal desired of Robin to know who he was, that would undervalue

himself to take pains to lead him; Then, quoth Robin, I am a Gentleman born and bred, and so you would say if you could see me; but as it comes to pass I have never a penny to help my self, for I have been a valiant Cavalier for the King, but by the fortune of the wars, I am utterly undone for ever, unless some speedy help come by heavenly providence. I tell you Father, my Land, not long since, was sequestred, my goods and my money taken from me, and my body carried to Prison, where I have lain three years, three months, three weeks

and

and three days, & at last by happy chance I got out of Prison; but now I am out I know not how to live, nor how to get one bit of bread to relieve my hungry stomack for I have been fasting two days & nights, and never a bit of victuals came within my body: Alas for you! good sir, said the Beggar, I much lament your case, but if you will be pleased to accept of such poor fare as I have in my Wallet, you shall be heartily welcome to it, and the next Ale-house that we come to, I will give you liquor of the best to swallow it down: whereupon the wallet was laid down, and the victuals sorted, cut upon the Green bank. I think there was no need to bid Robin to eat. But when he had filled his belly, away they went together chearfully to the place appointed, where they lay lovingly together that night, and the next day the Begger brought him home to his own house, where was plenty of good cloaths both of woollen and linnen, with which the Begger suited Robin, and also directed him to a Coffer where was two hundred and fifty pounds of ready money: all this (quoth the begger) shall be your own when I dye, if you will stay with me all your life time.

Whereupon the Cobler, replyed, With a very good will sir; which bargain being

made:

made: Robin and his old Master would every day walk about to good mens houses, to see what victuals they could get, till at last Robin became as cunning at the Trade as his Master, and was acquainted with most of the Master-beggers that lived in the County of Kent.

But to conclude, in process of time the blind Begger died, and then all his wealth fell to Robin, who afterwards went home to his former habitation, and took order for the breeding of his three children that he got in one night, and gave the two wenches ten pounds a piece for the injury that he had formerly done them, and threw the rest of the money into his wives lap. And so endeth the story of Robin the Cobler.

FINIS.

These, with all sorts of Books, Large and small, are to be sold by William Thackeray, *at the Angel in* Duck-Lane; *where countrey Chapmen may be furnished with all sorts of books.*

THe pleasant History of the Gentle Craft, shewing what Famous Men have been shooe-makers.

The Book of Knowledge, or the Knowledge of things unknown.

The Famous History of the six worthy Yeomen of the West: Or, *Thomas* of *Reading*.

Markhams Meathod.

The Golden Garland.

The History of *Don Floris* of *Greece*.

The History of *Don Juan Lambarta*.

The Golden Eagle.

Jack of Newberry small.

Riddle Books.

Variety of Riddles and songs.

The History of the Jews small.

FINIS.